☹ Dear diary,

I haven’t talked to you for a while and I have a lot to tell you.

You know, from the last time we talked, that I have passed my exams and now I have classes in a new school. You know how hard my life has been until now; imagine how difficult it must be for me to have new colleagues and new teachers. They all make fun of me and call me names. I cannot even sit in my desk without being teased and all the others throwing pieces of paper at me.

Even if nowadays gypsies have the opportunity to learn and take advantage of a free education they are not treated equally not even by teachers. When I am being marked for a test or an answer I am always the most stressed and the hardest questions are asked to me. I never have the chance to express my feelings and whatever I say is wrong for the others.

Only because my skin is darker am I being left apart and ignored. I cannot enjoy a normal teenager life. Instead, I lock myself in my room and often cry because of all this loneliness. There is no friend to cry on his shoulder or to tell me a joke or give me some advice. My parents are too busy with their work to spend a little time with me. They think that food and clothes is all I need. But a friend is what I want more than a pair of jeans. You are the only one who understands me!